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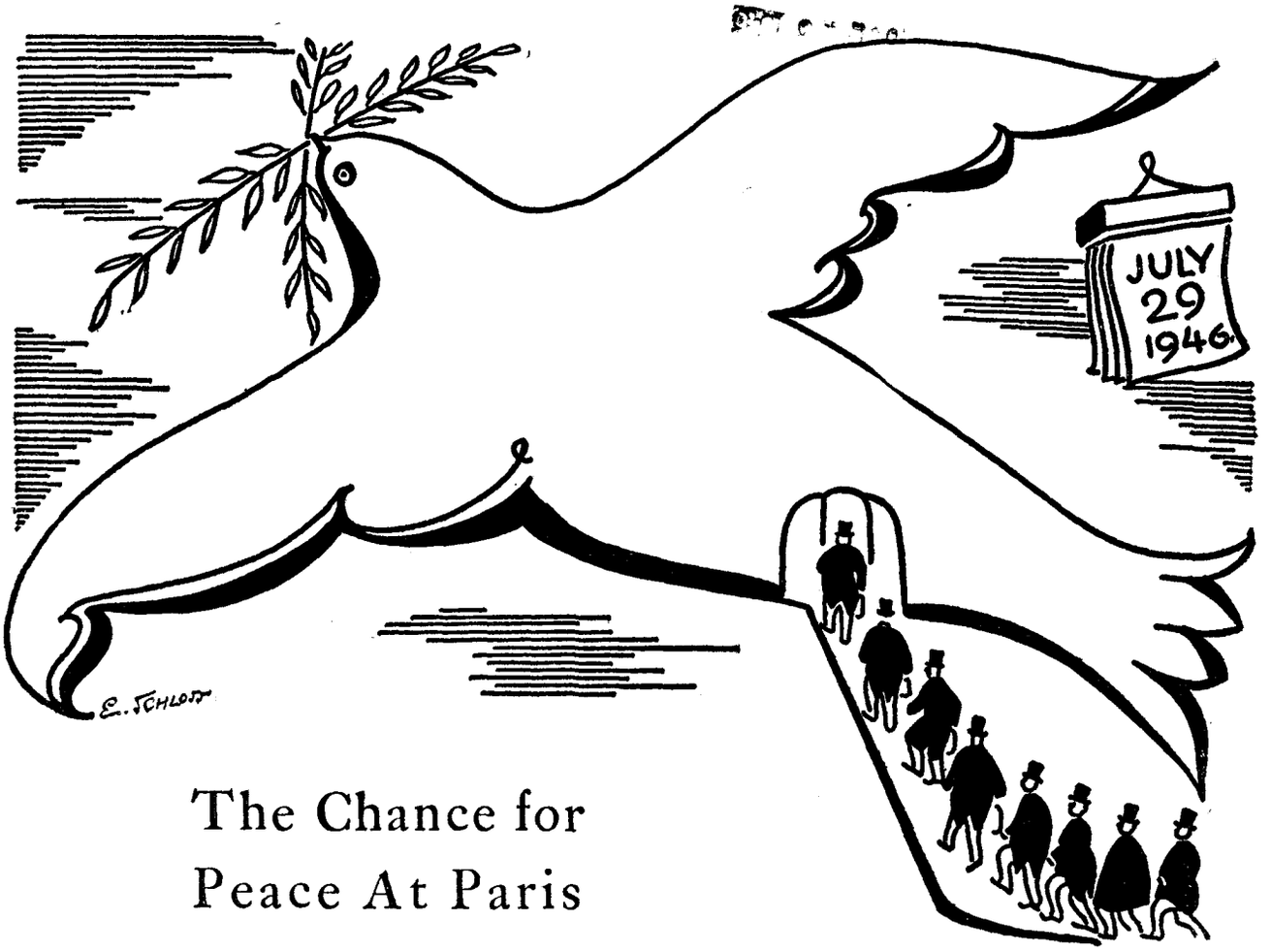

The Chance for
Peace At Paris

How They Beat Wheeler

by GORDON REID

From Blacklist to Whitewash — by T. F. Reynolds

"Funnier Than Bob Hope" — by Ralph G. Martin

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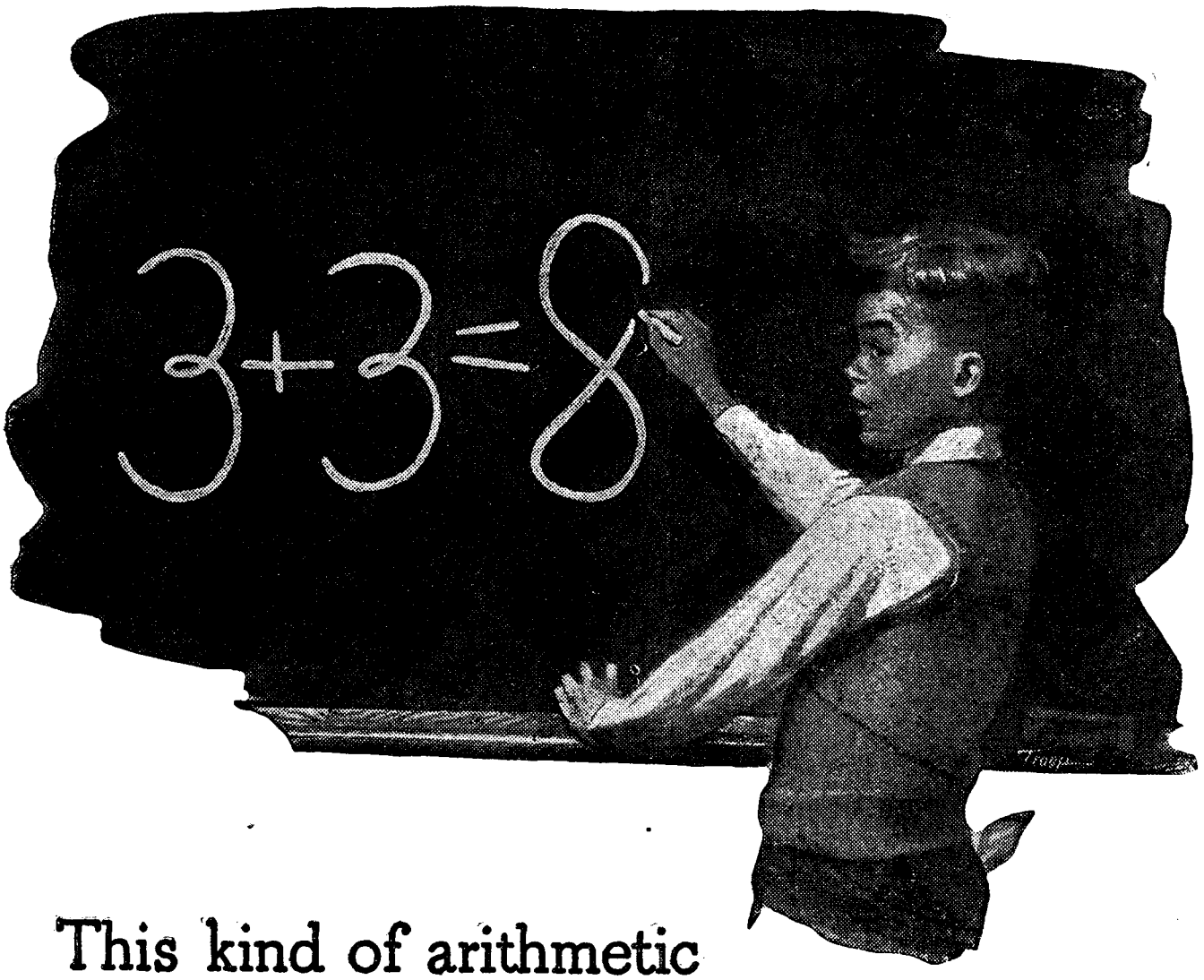

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Lodge Stalks the Senate

THE RATIFICATION of the United Nations Charter seemed to mark the beginning of the end of ostrich-like isolationism in the Senate. The ghosts of Senator Lodge and America First, on the surface at least, appeared to be laid. But this week, along with some disturbing second thoughts from the Paris conference, there is evidence of a new senatorial turn toward isolationism, and America's ghosts still seem to walk through Capitol corridors.

At an unpublicized meeting of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week, action was blocked on the vital Morse resolution to commit the United States to the jurisdiction of the World Court. The startling feature of the committee's action was that obstruction did not come from a small group of diehards or a tiny knot of back-benchers, but from the Senate's leading spokesmen on foreign affairs—Chairman Tom Connally and Senator Arthur Vandenberg.

At the request of the State Department, the Senate was asked to ratify the "optional clause," under which a member nation agrees to accept the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice. Under the UN charter, a case may be referred to the Court only if both parties consent. Britain, France and 26 other UN members have signed the "optional clause." The United States and the Soviet Union still have not.

Unless the United States agrees to come under the "optional clause," it retains in effect a veto over the jurisdiction of the International Court. By withholding consent, the United States could keep a case involving a dispute with another nation out of the Court's jurisdiction, and so make the power of the Court a farce. A world court without compulsory jurisdiction would have little or no power to settle the really dangerous international legal conflicts. Political disputes are not a part of the Court's business, being under the jurisdiction of the Security Council.

A few hours after Vandenberg and Connally assisted at the secret knifing of his resolution in committee, Senator Morse took the floor of the Senate to attack their action. He made one of the ablest speeches of his career. Journalists, who did not know the background of what had happened in the Foreign Relations Committee, almost completely missed the point in their reports. Morse started out by commending Vandenberg's speech of the day before on the Paris conference. He said it was in keeping with Vandenberg's other speeches, in which he has taken the position that permanent peace "must rest on the sound foundation of international justice through law."

With a similar pat on the back for Connally, Morse proceeded to twist the knife by reminding the two elder statesmen that the San Francisco Conference which they had attended as U. S. delegates, had called upon all nations to accept the jurisdiction of the World Court "as soon as possible."

Reviewing the hearings on his resolution, Morse noted that it had been unanimously supported by the experts without a dissenting voice. He warned that the resolution presented a test of whether America is "going to assume her full moral obligations under the San Francisco Charter."

Until we demonstrate we are willing to put our disputes before an international court, Morse added, "we will never be able to convince the weaker nations of the world that there is in fact a squaring between our professions of wanting to promote international peace and our practices."

CALLING on the Foreign Relations Committee to act before Congress adjourns, Morse challenged its members to say publicly why it should not be done now. He said action on the resolution was essential "if we are going to have international justice through law, if we are going to attempt to substitute rules of reason in the settlement of international disputes in place of balance-of-power diplomacy, if we are to let the merits of international disputes be resolved through a tribunal of reasoning men rather than through the threatening use of atomic bombs."

Senators Vandenberg and Connally made no answer to this fighting challenge. There is no answer, except to scurry back into committee and get the resolution out onto the floor of the Senate for positive action. This kind of shenanigans will not stand the light of public opinion, and both the Senators know it.

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What Salvage from the OPA?

The price-control bill was limp and torn when the Senate and House conferees got through with it last Saturday. Although the bill technically revived the Office of Price Administration for another year, actually not much was left of the OPA as it has functioned in the past. A new three-member decontrol board, to be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, was set up to make the final decisions on what is to be controlled and what is to be exempt. The Secretary of Agriculture was handed full power over agricultural prices, and the OPA's early liquidation was assured.

Meanwhile, the bill will produce a string of price increases in manufactured goods. The manufacturers and retailers obtained about 60 percent of what they wanted in the half-Taft, half-Barkley amendment the conferees finally agreed upon. Under the bill, clothing prices will rise. It finally sealed the doom of the OPA's low-cost-clothing program.

Under it, too, food prices are likely to end up well above their June 30 level. The conferees decided, after five days of haggling, that price ceilings should go back on meats, dairy products, grains, cottonseed and soybean products on August 20 unless the new decontrol board orders otherwise. In this, however, there are several jokers. The board was instructed not to allow the return of price ceilings on these products unless prices had risen unreasonably above the former ceiling price plus subsidy, unless controls would be practicable and enforceable and unless new ceilings would be in the public interest. In addition, the board's vote for renewed ceilings would be only an authorization. After that the OPA would settle whether prices were to go back to the June 30 level or some later and higher one.

On the other hand, the conferees' compromise—or compromised—bill is not without advantages. The loaded section handing rent control over to any state that passed a state law was dropped. The Taft amendment is far less virulent than it was when the President first vetoed it. On food and clothing there will be at least a semblance of price control. What all of this amounts to is that the OPA and its new bosses will be able, if they are so minded, to fight a delaying action against inflation. And every month gained lessens the danger of a runaway. If production picks up rapidly enough, a few extra months of even semi-stability might save the day.

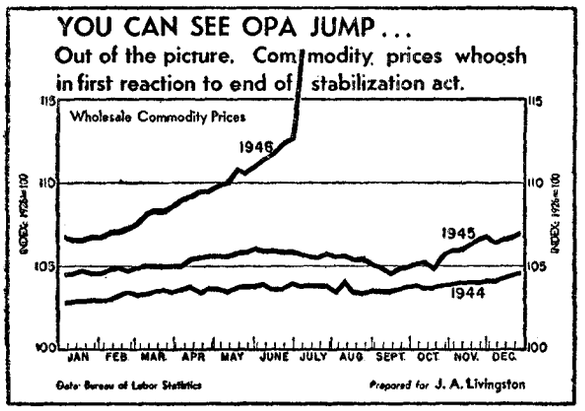

Chart reproduced, by permission, from the syndicated newspaper column by Mr. J. A. Livingston.

For these reasons the friends of price control in Congress will accept the bill. They will do it with the gravest misgivings, with fear and distaste, but in the hope that it will be better than nothing. The President and congressional advocates of price control know this time that it is the compromise bill or no bill at all. A second veto would finally wipe out the OPA. That is why the President will almost certainly sign, this time.

The Majority Loses

The old political axiom in Georgia—that "you can't beat Gene in a three-cornered race"—was never more forcibly or more sadly proved than in last week's Democratic primary in that state, when bigoted, explosive Eugene Talmadge was returned to the capital for his fourth term as Governor. Pledged to plunge the state into an era of unprecedented election lawlessness (he pitched his campaign on the promise to restore the Supreme Court-voided "white primary" by repealing all state primary laws, leaving it to be regulated only by whims of the Governor and the Democratic Party), red-gallused Talmadge will return to the executive post in the wake of able, progressive Ellis Arnall, who backed Talmadge's chief opponent, 36-year-old James V. Carmichael. E. D. Rivers, also a former Governor, was the third contender and, with the anachronistic county-unit system under which Georgia's elections are held, the key to Talmadge's success in that he split Carmichael's vote.

The irony of the election was that a majority of the voters did not want race-baiting Gene Talmadge again. Returns from 153 of the 159 counties gave Carmichael 310,906 votes, the biggest popular ballot ever given a gubernatorial candidate in Georgia. But his support was centered in the larger cities and his unit vote was held to 148. Talmadge, on the other hand, had only 299,936 votes, representing majorities in 105 counties with 242 unit votes. Only 206 are required to carry an election. Rivers had 67,409 votes, and a unit-vote count of 20. The balloting was the the heaviest in Georgia's history. More than 100,000 votes were cast by Negroes, far more than in any other Southern primary.

The victory for Talmadge was carefully planned, by the Georgia Power Company, big textile mills and the railroads—paradoxically enough, all owned or controlled by Talmadge-baited "Yankees." The Georgia Power Company, probably the most potent influence in Georgia politics, supported both Talmadge and Rivers. Talmadge's victory was sought by the power company because it has never liked the way Arnall has refused to take its orders, and the textile mills fear

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success by the drive to organize labor in the South. Talmadge, viciously anti-labor, can reasonably be expected to support their interests.

Only two hopes remain this week that Talmadge and minority rule might somehow be denied supremacy in Georgia. An FBI probe of complaints that Talmadge forces intimidated Negroes and made fraudulent use of marked ballots in a number of counties might possibly result in voiding his election. The other hope was pinned on the possibility that Arnall supporters might induce a liberal to run in November, when the unit system will not apply, as an independent. This persistent rumor had not crystallized early this week. It was not likely, however, that Carmichael himself would enter the general election, since he indorsed the county-unit system which enabled Talmadge to defeat him.

More Delay on Full Employment

Last week, after five months of waiting, President Truman was on the verge of appointing the three-man Council of Economic Advisers. The indication was that it would be a hybrid group containing two progressives and one reactionary. The selection had been based upon the assumption that the Council could be run like a miniature legislature and give representation to anti-Administration sentiments. The necessity for developing a smoothly working, close-knit team had been ignored. At the last moment, the announcement of the Council was postponed. There seems to be belated recognition in Administration circles that *every* member of the Council should be clearly committed to the basic principles of a progressive legislative program. Whether or not this basic principle is reflected in the final selections will depend largely upon the courage and common sense of the President.

One thing is obvious: the five-month delay in making the appointments has been due not to any shortage of good men, not to any difficulty in getting people to take $15,000-a-year jobs, but to President Truman's own hesitancy to commit himself to a completely progressive administration of the Full Employment Act.

Taft Wins: Housing Loses

Still smarting from President Truman's attack on his OPA profit amendment, Senator Taft took revenge last week when he led a successful fight against the Administration's plan to set up a permanent NHA to run all government-housing activity.

In spite of Taft's extreme conservatism, he has generally shown an intelligent interest in housing. But his stand in this debate was more of a party matter than a fight on the merits of a housing program. Even though it meant that the emergency-housing program would have to continue indefinitely on a temporary basis, Taft refused to go along with the Administration plan giving the Administrator, if he were "public-minded," power that could be used to "hamper the development of private agencies." Better, he argued, to make the Administrator a figurehead so that if a progressive got the appointment, he would have little authority.

Taft's objections followed those of the leaders of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the Washington lobby maintained by landlords, speculative builders, bankers and loan associations. Perhaps the strain of being at least moderately right in one field was too much for the Ohio Senator.

As the housing situation now stands, the single government-housing agency—consolidated under one roof as a war measure—will die with the President's war powers. If, by that time, the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill has not passed Congress, the housing program will revert to some 16 separate agencies with scattered, overlapping powers.

Minimum-Wage Petition

With the Norton minimum-wage bill hopelessly blocked in the House Rules Committee, progressives of both parties have joined in a last-minute effort to bring the Hook wage bill to the floor. More than 124 Representatives have already signed a discharge petition being circulated by George Outland (D, Cal.) to bypass the Rules Committee and bring the Senate-passed wage bill to an immediate vote. Proponents of the liberal Hook bill, which extends the hourly wage increases to maritime workers and about four million others, are fighting to get the needed signatures before the House adjourns next month.

"We Are All Confused"

THE REPUBLICAN GENTLEMAN from Ohio, Mr. Elston, stepped to the well of the House early last week and said: "We are all confused."

For the rest of the week confusion became the rallying cry of the band of men who, section by section, revised the atomic-energy-control bill to suit their desires.

Did the bill as it passed the Senate call for civilian control of atomic energy? They added the military. Did the bill as it passed the Senate provide insufficient penalties against those found guilty of transmitting atomic information to a foreign government? They made the penalty death. Did the bill as it passed the Senate provide that atomic inventions be given to the government as too dangerous to be held privately? They made it possible for the invention to be returned to the inventor. Did the bill as it passed the Senate denote a little faith in the sincerity and patriotism of the scientists who gave us atomic energy in the first place? They put J. Edgar Hoover's FBI on the trail of the scientists.

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So it went, day after disappointing day, as the Republicans shouted confusion and the Democrats shouted nothing at all. Clare Boothe Luce said the bill could have been written by "the most ardent Soviet Commissar," but she would vote for it anyhow. The Soviet Commissars of the Special Senate Committee on Atomic Energy, which wrote the bill—among them, Senators Vandenberg, Connally, Austin, Tydings, Millikin and Hart—merely hid their Soviet flag in the Senate cloakroom and made no reply.

In the confusion that they themselves generated, the Republicans took over and made of the bill what they wanted. During the entire debate on atomic energy, the Republicans were in actual control of the House. On every argument, on every vote, there were more Republicans present than there were Democrats. Even on the most important vote on recommittal, where domestic controls over atomic energy could have been killed as far as this session of Congress was concerned, there were only 168 Democrats casting a vote, while 171 Republicans showed up. Fortunately, 43 Republicans voted not to kill the bill.

Reaction won by default, by absenteeism. In conference the Administration hopes to substitute civilian controls for the military amendments adopted by the House and salvage other phases of the bill. But in all probability some of the House provisions will remain in the final version.

There is also an outside chance that the conferees will stall long enough to put off consideration of the bill this session, since both Houses want to adjourn as soon as possible. Administration leaders in Congress must prevent such a move. They must see to it that the bill is reported out and is as close as possible to the measure passed unanimously by the Senate, approved by the atomic scientists and backed by President Truman. Only in this way can they make up for their dismal failure to keep their party on the floor when this most important bill was being considered.

Peace Chances at Paris

HAD THERE remained doubt anywhere in the world of the dangers implicit in the German situation, Secretary Byrnes's report on the Paris Conference must surely have dispelled it. The rhetorical question in which the Secretary phrased the crux of the report did not dilute the warning he was delivering: That Germany is being made a pawn between the East and the West; that unless Russia and the Western democracies can agree on a German settlement, tensions will increase unbearably. No translator is required to explain the meaning of "unbearable tension"; in plain English it means war.

This straight talk should not come as a shock to the world. The facts of the matter have been self-evident for months. But what is shocking is the revelation of how little actually is being done at this dangerous moment to improve the situation. Byrnes and Molotov made a good approach to the heart of the problem at Paris. But the 12 days since adjournment of the Council of Foreign Ministers might be described as the "lost fortnight."

In Berlin, both Russians and Americans are playing at "cloak and dagger" across the borders of their respective zones. Molotov has faded back into the shadows and silence of the Kremlin. And in Washington, Byrnes again is demonstrating what is becoming his peculiar genius: concentration on the periphery of the German question instead of an attack on the center of the problem.

At Byrnes's bidding, General McNarney, the American military governor, last Saturday finally placed before the German Control Council the American offer to merge its zone of occupation with any or all of the other occupied zones. This is the execution of Byrnes's promise (or threat) in his Paris report—a promise to "secure economic coöperation between the zones or place the responsibility for the violation of the Potsdam Agreement."

At this writing, the prospects of collaboration in such a move by Britain and/or France are doubtful. But regardless of whether the other Western allies acquiesce in the merger, the Byrnes tactic can only exacerbate the relationships between Russia and the West without reaching the central issues.

After being steadily confronted at Luxemburg by a three-to-one alignment against Russian objectives, can Molotov now be expected to waive the insulated control of the Soviet zone in advance of a final agreement on the basic problems of security and reparations? The Russian Minister is not wont to discard his aces in the international poker game, and is less likely to discard them under coercion of the Byrnes squeeze.

There is only one answer to the dilemma of Germany. The ministers of the four great powers must meet again and quickly, and remain at grips with the German issue until an airtight, workable and irrevocable agreement is reached on reparations and security along with centralization of economic administration. Mr. Byrnes says he doubts whether such a meeting could succeed until Russia permits responsible deputies of the ministers to make a preliminary exploration of the area of agreement. But with all Byrnes's misgivings, there actually is no alternative except further deterioration, with its threat of an ultimate catastrophe.

Molotov has stated publicly that such a meeting should be held some time this year. Let the ministers then proceed to hold it that the world may see, not who is responsible for "violation of the Potsdam Agreement," but who is responsible for jeopardizing global peace.

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Washington Wire—Divided We Falter

A REPUBLICAN LEADER told me the other day, with the simple candor of one describing vacation plans, that his party hoped to capture the House this fall because from there it could create such legislative frustration and deadlock in the next two years as would undermine Truman and ensure GOP victory in 1948. A Republican wind is blowing in politics and I think that such a result is not unlikely.

America is the one big democracy in which the achievement of frustration can be made an accepted political goal. Americans are so accustomed to living under a system of chronic White House-congressional stalemate and the constitutional division of power that they accept the evil passively, just as the citizens of Georgia shrug their shoulders about the election of Gene Talmadge by a rotten-borough system. There is a feeling of helpless acceptance. The "division of powers" is deeply imbedded in the Constitution and from earliest school days the American child is taught to bow before this venerable and almost non-amendable document. And yet, as an object lesson of governmental futility the record of the past 12 months in Washington is hard to surpass. The Seventy-ninth Congress is about ready to quit now and we can review its story. In the atomic age, is this domestic record anything to be proud of?

After the problem of peace itself, America's first concern is to head off a dangerous inflationary boom. Yet for the past three weeks White House and Congress have been stalemated over the price-control measure; there has been an interval of no-law, and the prospects are that even if an acceptable measure is passed, its success is by no means certain.

Mr. Truman asked for an Army-Navy merger; this has been shelved. The Draft-Extension Act was compromised to exempt 18-year-olds by Chairman May of the House Military Affairs Committee. A violent deadlock over the strike problem resulted in Mr. Truman's veto of the Case bill, and Congress refused to pass Mr. Truman's counter-recommendations. Congress hasn't done anything about Mr. Truman's proposed law of presidential succession, and won't. Nothing can be done about the anti-poll-tax bill or permanent fair-employment-practice legislation. Mr. Truman would like a lot of mild social reforms, but Congress shows no desire to broaden social-security coverage, for example, and the bill to raise the minimum-wage floor to 65 cents an hour is stalled in the House Rules Committee.

Walter Lippmann, looking gloomily over the Washington scene recently, said the situation approached a "constitutional crisis." He had reference particularly to the British loan, which subsequently passed. But the situation deserves to be searched further. The American system generally does not create a "crisis," although we might call the OPA deadlock one. There is something to be said for a crisis; it focuses attention, sharpens the issue, and even in the obfuscating maze of schizophrenic Washington tends to pin down responsibility. More often than not, however, the situation in Washington does not rise to that heat; for example, the minimum-wage bill is quietly buried in the Rules Committee, the anti-poll-tax bill simply can't come to a vote in the Senate, where it would otherwise be passed, and so on. Advocates of such measures would like a "crisis," but can't get one. Take this question of the British loan itself, which caused Mr. Lippmann's comment. The loan was passed. But it took seven months to do the job which, under a parliamentary procedure like Canada's, could have been done in a week. In the seven months much of the psychological benefit was dissipated, and in practical terms the value of the borrowed money dropped 25 percent because of American inflation. In short, though opponents didn't block the bill, and never could have, they did have a hundred and one means of achieving their goals by indirection.

That is true of most matters that come before Congress under our system. It is felt we are lucky when we achieve even a compromise on reform. The skeleton that is left of the La Follette-Monroney bill to streamline Congress is a case in point. Probably the single most important domestic legislation passed by the Seventy-ninth Congress was the full-employment law, yet this, too, was greatly watered down. The Truman record in Congress on domestic as apart from international matters has been one of deepening deadlock, and the next two years are apt to make it complete.

Notes.—Most Americans think congressmen honest; however, failure of the House to kick out such men as James M. Curley (D, Mass.), found guilty of using the mails to defraud and still drawing his $10,000-a-year salary, and Andrew J. May (D, Ky.), who refused to appear in his own defense before the Mead Committee, creates a new situation. . . . Truman's stupid indorsement of the now defeated isolationist Burt Wheeler, in Montana, injures him doubly: it makes a likely enemy of Leif Erickson, the Democrat who defeated Wheeler in the primary, and it makes it easier for the Republican to win the Senate seat. . . . Despite mounting prices, most top labor leaders hope to avert major strikes for a few months at least, but may be forced into clashes by the rank and file; they want to see the economy stabilized, point to their depleted treasuries, and also fear unions will be caught short in the "bust" that everybody now sees as following the present "boom." . . . Washington talks of possible economic stabilization with prices 10 to 20 percent higher. The present crisis undoubtedly has accelerated the approach of the "bust" stage of the cycle, previously believed to be two to four years ahead. Now speculation places it in half that time, maybe next spring. . . . Watch the packinghouse workers' contract, which expires in early August, for a preview of strike developments.

Washington T. R. B.

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From Blacklist to Whitewash

by Thomas F. Reynolds

THE NAZI NETWORK of fascist-minded industry and business on which prewar Germany pinned its hope for economic permeation of the world is springing back to life. The industries and industrialists who were pinned down for the last five years by the vigilant and unrelenting economic warfare of the democracies, began showing evidence of life within 48 hours after the United States, Great Britain and Canada, on July 8, jointly annulled the blacklist of pro-Axis spearhead companies. As might have been expected, the first returns came in from Buenos Aires, where Nazi-loving Juan Peron is coddling a fascist industrial clique which still holds the economy of Argentina under tight control.

Indication of what is in progress came in a cablegram to the Commercial Intelligence Division of the Department of Commerce. The division's field man in Buenos Aires was reporting. Within 48 hours after the suspension of the blacklist, he said, one of the largest German-controlled firms in the Argentine, which had been on the final, irreconcilable, hard core of the list, had placed an order with a large New York supply firm. Not only was that order accepted by the New York company, the cablegram continued, but the supplier is actively soliciting further business from other companies in the Argentine.

Life is looking more pleasant for the spearhead companies all around the world. In Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Sweden, Eire, Turkey and the Middle East, along with the 20 American republics, the businessmen who cast their lot with Adolf Hitler and did the dirty Nazi jobs are crawling out of hiding and posting the sign "Business as Usual."

Things are improving for the pro-Nazi governments, too. The way is now clear for regimes such as that of Peron to resume the activities interrupted last year when the United States, under the indignant whip of Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden, applied the squeeze.

In this case, early returns arrived from Santiago, the Chilean capital toward which the Argentine military junta long has cast ambitious glances. When the blacklist went down, so did the freeze which had been applied to $700 million in Argentine gold which had been sequestered by the Treasury on suspicion it might be Nazi loot. This action was followed swiftly by the unfreezing of an additional $6 million of the accounts of the government-controlled Argentine Bank of the Nation and Bank of the Provinces.

With released gold rattling in his pocket as loudly as he has rattled his saber, Peron sent Angel Maturana over the Andes from Buenos Aires to announce at Santiago last week that Argentina is ready to finance large-scale development of steel from Chilean resources. Maturana suggested that the Argentine Bank of the Nation open a branch at Santiago, with capital of some $3,750,000, to finance the steel venture.

It doesn't require an economic detective to uncover what is going on. Peron lacks the coal and iron deposits necessary for development of an indigenous steel industry. But he needs steel for the heavy-handed leadership he is projecting for his country. Peron is an old hand on Chilean matters—it was he who suggested in late 1943 that one million United States dollars be provided to Chilean revolutionists to finance the overthrow of the Rios government. That little plan was interrupted by other events, but now the scheme can be resumed with economic penetration providing a pleasant prelude to political domination.

FEW in Washington are happy about the situation, least of all Braden, who fought to the bitter end to keep economic pressure on the 5,887 die-hard, Nazi-loving companies and individuals who followed the Hitlerian dream to the bitter end. And there are many in the governments below the border who share the feeling of the Assistant Secretary. Among the good friends of the United States who attempted to extirpate Nazi influence from their economies when the going was difficult was Mexico.

There was a time, just a little more than two years ago, when the State Department talked darkly of making an extended postwar effort to retaliate against firms which were supplying Hitler's Wehrmacht and Luftwaffe with the raw materials for killing American soldiers. That was at the point when Allied economic agencies were trying to shut off the flow of machine bearings into Germany from Sweden. After discussions which went to the desk of Cordell Hull, Francis H. Russell, then chief of the Department's Division of World Trade Intelligence, delivered this warning to the Swedes:

> It has apparently been assumed by some of the firms that have coöperated with the Axis that the proclaimed list and the British statutory list and the sanctions which are based upon them will terminate with the cessation of hostilities in Europe and that listed firms and individuals

Thomas F. Reynolds has been White House correspondent for the Chicago Sun *since that paper was founded. Before that he was, for some years White House correspondent for the United Press.*

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will then be restored to normal trade facilities. There is no basis for that assumption.

Russell was technically correct. Normal trade facilities for the firms which helped kill American boys were not made possible for a little more than 12 months after V-E Day.

IN JUSTICE to all concerned in the suspension of the blacklist, it must be admitted that the list of itself could not have been maintained indefinitely. One of the men in the State Department who worked his nerves ragged in conducting economic war against Hitler's good friends explains that the blacklist meant nothing without censorship and export controls.

"Every time you put an individual or a company on such a list, six 'blinds' spring up to circumvent you," he said. "To work the list, we had to maintain separate folders on 500,000 firms and individuals in this hemisphere alone, and in addition we operated through a tremendous field staff to examine the end use of every shipment of goods that was consigned to a neutral country from the United States. You can't check operations without the privilege of opening commercial mail for censorship, and you cannot maintain and would not tolerate censorship in time of peace."

Effective operation of the list, moreover, was made possible by the complete Allied monopoly of maritime shipping and shipping controls, tight surveillance of telecommunications and the essential fact that, during the war, goods were so scarce that consignments other than to the fighting fronts could be closely watched.

When the list was pulled down, the full weight of checking clandestine operations of the pro-Nazi firms fell on the shoulders of the Commerce and Treasury Departments. There still remain Treasury regulations which freeze the accounts in this country of known Axis firms and individuals. But Treasury experts who also have been getting telegrams in the last few days from Madrid, from Buenos Aires, from Stockholm and Geneva, relating the activity of once moribund companies, admit that if an American trader wants to do business with the outlaws, the freezing of those accounts by nationality will be a mere nuisance rather than a barrier.

That, too, is the outlook at Commerce, where it is frankly admitted that the only practicable restraint on American firms dealing with the spearhead companies is the morality of the American businessman. And on the basis of the activities of the last 10 days it appears that you still can apply the old axiom that high ideals never yet won a battle with high profits.

"Axis firms are willing to pay through the nose until we forget all about blacklists and trading with the enemy," one Commerce Department official said, and he added with a cynicism bred of some experience: "That means for about six months. The penalty of two years' imprisonment or $10,000 fine is abolished and it's just damned silly to ask businessmen to do something to potential customers that the government hasn't the guts to do."

Harry Schnellbacher, chief of the special services and intelligence branch in the Commerce Department Office of International Trade, insists the Axis spearhead firms will be able to do business only with a chiseling fringe of American trading companies. But the point is that the funds provided by this fringe probably will suffice to fatten up the Axis companies to a point where they can envelop the economies of neutral countries, awaiting the day when a new Führer might lead them against the despised democracies.

Some State and Commerce Department officers will admit this is so. In the Commerce Department, the Office of International Trade has issued a statement announcing that "American firms are not *required* to check the 'political' standing of former proclaimed list firms," and has made it clear that it does not propose to assume the role of economic security officer to police the relations of American business with the Axis outlaws who may be bidding for connections.

THERE WILL, however, be no excuse for American businessmen unwittingly establishing commercial relations with the outlaws. The Commerce Department, through the commercial-intelligence division, will provide on application of any businessman who wants to do overseas trade full information on any firms and individuals formerly included on the proscribed list. And traders are being told that if they deal with former outlaws and run into financial snags, they are not to expect wholehearted support from United States Government field men in foreign capitals.

Yet traders are about to find in some areas of the world that if they want to do business at all, they will have to deal with firms that were sympathetic to the Axis if not actual agents or cloaks for agents. That most certainly is true of Franco Spain. And, as the State Department's Blue Book on Argentina pointed out, German firms or German cloaks dominate completely the Argentine fields of pharmaceuticals, construction, electrical equipment, metallurgy and agriculture.

Under its commitments at the Rio de Janeiro conference of 1942 and the Chapultepec declarations which it accepted belatedly, Argentina is now pledged to eliminate Germans from control positions in such firms and to "Argentinize" them. But no one now expects Peron to live up to such a pledge, even were he to attempt to do so. With some American firms beginning to do business at the same old stand, Peron may perhaps be forgiven for assuming that there is a tongue in the cheek when the State Department announces conspicuously that it is now talking tough.

In the meantime the heat is off. The Yankee traders are out looking for customers. In another six months it will be "business as usual."

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"Of Our Sincere Gratitude"

by John M. Mecklin

Rome

RECENTLY an Italian who had risked torture and death to help the Allied cause during the war, slammed his fist on a table and half wept, half jeered:

"You Americans! You children! You're worse than the Germans. At least the Germans knew what they were doing. They knew how to treat their friends."

Italians call us the *"pazzi Americani."* The usual translation of this is "crazy Americans," but the word *"pazzo"* also is defined by an authoritative dictionary to mean foolish, insane, excessive, immoderate, imprudent, enraged and extravagant.

There are a score of factors to help explain the American attitude, not the least of which is traditional American disinterest in European affairs, but the error that has done us the most harm is our apparent inability to tell our friends from our foes.

Millions of Italians, for instance, believe that the House of Savoy was responsible, at least in part, for the disaster of fascism. Yet Admiral H. K. Hewitt, commander of United States naval forces in the Mediterranean, was willing to visit the Quirinal Palace to be decorated by Crown Prince Umberto, who became king a short time later, after the abdication of his father, Victor Emmanuel III. The admiral was received in the same halls where in 1938 the guest of honor was the late Adolf Hitler. The host in both cases was the House of Savoy.

It was during this same period that a man whom I shall call Renaldo walked into my office with a story to tell. Renaldo had risked his life for the United States as a secret agent. When the war was over he was given a handsome parchment document, signed by Brigadier General William J. Donovan, chief of the Office of Strategic Services, fixed with an impressive red seal, and reading:

> This statement renders testimony of our sincere gratitude to Signor——— for his disinterested aid to this office and to the United States Army in the battle for the liberation of Italy. Documentation of his efforts and of his disinterested sacrifice has been made part of the historical archives of the Office of Strategic Services of the Government of the United States of America.

A lieutenant in the Italian Navy, Renaldo was one of several score Italian agents recruited by the OSS in the fall of 1943 after the landing at Salerno. The salaries of most of them, including Renaldo, were fixed at $200 per month, in addition to a $5,000 life-insurance policy. Since the Italian economy at the time was hopelessly wrecked, the OSS specified in Renaldo's and many other contracts signed with the agents that the salary and life insurance would be paid in blue-seal dollars collectable at the Chase National Bank of New York. When the time came for the OSS to make good its promise, Renaldo was paid in lire at the official rate of 100 to $1. At that time the black-market value of the lira was between 300 to 400 to the dollar, meaning that he received something less than one-third the value due him for his "disinterested sacrifice."

The services for which he was paid in lire included smuggling radio equipment through the German lines to operatives in a major northern city, working for months just one move ahead of the Gestapo, whose treatment of captured agents was well known.

Another Italian recruited as an agent under the same terms given to Renaldo was a 19-year-old Roman named Maurizio. He was betrayed and arrested by the Gestapo. Shortly before the fall of Rome, a band of Partisans attacked a truck convoy loaded with German troops, killing 33 of them. In reprisal the Nazis executed 330 Italian prisoners at the infamous massacre of the Ardeatine caves. Maurizio was among the 330.

His $5,000 life-insurance policy was paid off in lire (at 100 to $1) to his mother. In Rome today, 500,000 lire will buy a second-hand automobile with no tires.

Another agent recruited by the OSS during the same period decided to make an issue of the Americans' breach of promise. After several weeks of fruitless complaints, he was sent the following letter, signed by Captain Donald C. Hays, in the name of the OSS:

> This letter will confirm the many conversations which you have had with various representatives of this organization. Although your contract with this organization may have provided for payment in blue-seal dollars, payment by this mission cannot be made as it is prohibited both by the law of Italy and that of the United States.
>
> In all cases of contracts such as yours, it has been the policy of this organization to pay salaries as contracted for in lire in the amount agreed upon, since payment in any other way should be in contravention of the law in both countries.

The disgusted agent showed the letter to an American newspaper correspondent in Rome. The correspondent began to ask embarrassing questions. The authorities got busy. A deal was made with the agent. He was paid off at 225 lire to $1, receiving 891,000

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lire, instead of 396,000, for the $3,960 due to him.

An interesting sidelight on OSS policy toward its former agents was Renaldo's report that a number of the "gratitude" certificates signed by General Donovan had fallen into the hands of top-level Fascists, some of whom had paid as much as 500,000 lire for one certificate. The purchasers were able to write in their own names on the certificates because Donovan had made the mistake of signing scores of them with the line for the agent's name left blank.

Any correspondent in Italy today has heard of dozens of similar instances of American *"pazzia."*

There was the Italian manufacturer, for instance, who went to the Allied authorities for permission to buy a large quantity of steel cable. An American officer told him he could have the cable at 10 lire a meter, but that he would have to wait several months to get it.

The manufacturer went away discouraged. That evening he met a friend who had dealt with the same officer. The friend told him to go back and inquire if he could get the cable at an earlier date by paying 50 lire a meter. The officer was much more coöperative. The manufacturer got his cable. The American made a profit for himself of 40 lire per meter.

Perhaps, as another agent suggested, it would be more useful if the Allies, instead of passing out engraved certificates, would "lower the barrier of nationalistic egoism" in their relations with the Italian people. He was referring to the common GI attitude of disdain which all of us have known over here and which the Army does nothing to change.

At Rome's Excelsior Hotel, requisitioned by the Americans since the city was liberated in June, 1944, the chief bartender is a gentle, gray-haired old man named Giovanni, who has been working there since his discharge from the Italian Army after World War I. One night I watched a drunken American officer call him a son-of-a-bitch because he wouldn't serve him another drink.

A friend took the officer away. Giovanni watched him go, leaned on the bar for a moment, shrugged his shoulders and turned to the next customer. Recalling that the Germans, during their occupation of Rome, had requisitioned two floors of the Excelsior, I asked Giovanni if a German officer ever had cursed at him. He hesitated for a moment, then replied:

"No, they never made any trouble at the bar."

I think the Italians in general understand that the Americans' stupidities aren't vicious, that we think we're doing the right thing over here, and they appreciate that American soldiers have a right to be cocky. Most of the Italians, furthermore, would like to live in the United States. However, they want us to go home, and soon, and you can't blame them.

How They Beat Wheeler

by Gordon Reid

Butte, Montana

MONTANA awoke on July 17, the day after the primary, puzzled and disbelieving. All of the usually reliable sources of information insisted that Burton K. Wheeler, demagogue of the Treasure State, had gone down to a completely unpredicted defeat. It wasn't until about noon that the people were sure that "old B. K." wasn't going to pull some trick out of his hat which would make a fraud of their new-found freedom. The winner, and now the Democratic Party candidate for the Senate in the November elections, is Leif Erickson, 40-year-old lawyer, former associate justice of the Supreme Court of Montana and Truman-appointed arbiter in the recent railroad strike.

The Wheeler-Erickson fight must be interpreted in the light of the feudal economic conditions that exist in Montana. The downfall of Wheeler marks the first defeat of a candidate backed by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and the Montana Power Company, the dual monopoly which has strangled the state for decades. The "Company," as the two corporations are termed, controls all but one of the principal daily newspapers, the majority of the county weeklies, and, through an alliance with Wheeler's son, most of the state's radio stations. During the first part of this campaign, the Company followed its usual policy of ruthless censorship of the political news. Wheeler received all the publicity; Erickson was ignored.

Erickson's victory was achieved by many factors: cooling Company interest in its candidate in a year when it stood to gain or lose more in local campaigns; returning veterans who are fed up with the isolationist philosophy; strategic fights in the Republican primary which prevented members of the GOP from voting for Wheeler in the Democratic primary as they have regularly in the past; and the ineptitude of President Truman. Erickson was also aided by Wheeler's lack of popularity among the state Democratic

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committees; by the Senate campaign-expenditures smear investigation in Helena; and, finally, because Wheeler has failed to bring new economic life to Montana during his 24 years in office. No factor alone was enough to defeat him. The combination was overwhelming.

DURING the campaign-expeditures investigation in Helena, when it was expected that the revelations would be helpful to Wheeler, the hearings were reported all over the state. This policy backfired and cost Wheeler some votes. In the last days of the campaign, however, the controlled press suddenly began to give Erickson more coverage. This was interpreted to mean that the Company had sensed the growing animosity to Wheeler among the working people, an animosity which the Company felt might soon be turned against itself.

The people of Montana had never believed the stories they had heard about the badgering and defaming techniques of the Dies Committee, but after the Helena proceedings they are thoroughly disgusted and ready to believe anything of congressional committees. Second, anti-Semitism had never been an issue in the state until Wheeler introduced it in this campaign. When the investigator for the Helena committee began reading off the list of names of contributors to the Erickson fund and after each name that sounded Jewish intoned loudly, "a *Jew*," the people, when told of this by Erickson, suddenly began to realize that intolerance on racial and religious grounds had come to Montana. They revolted against it.

The veterans played a part in Erickson's victory. Many Montana boys served in the detachments sent to Iceland in 1941 when Wheeler announced publicly that a convoy was en route to that island. These boys have not forgotten or forgiven. Other veterans have reported that they were ashamed to admit that they were Montanans because they were constantly browbeaten about Wheeler. In two counties, usually strong Wheeler citadels but also centers of the most active veterans' groups, Erickson jumped into the lead and was never headed. This militant action by veterans was not anticipated by Wheeler.

Another factor in his defeat must be laid at the door of President Truman. The letter of endorsement which Wheeler worked so hard to obtain was a boomerang in its effect on the railroad brotherhoods. Some of the trainmen were frank in saying that they were voting against Wheeler's acquiescence in Truman's "draft-the-strikers" bill and Truman's letter, widely published by the Company-controlled press, reminded them of it. The letter also stirred up old animosities among the Democratic Party workers. Since 1932, these loyal Democrats have watched Wheeler hand out patronage to conservative, nominal Democrats or, in some cases, to Republicans. They know that on occasion Wheeler has attempted to get genuine Democrats ousted from minor jobs because they opposed his machine and his appointments.

Among the many rumors current about Truman's letter, one is that Wheeler exacted it for his services on the Case bill, which was sent by some obscure means to the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, which he heads. It is also rumored that Truman never wrote the letter, but that Bailey Stortz, Wheeler's campaign manager, wrote it and phoned it to Matt Connally, Truman's secretary, who got the President's approval for Stortz to release it.

The Montana CIO supported Erickson, but the AFL split throughout the state, although Wheeler had expected to receive the majority of this vote. Montana's farm organizations are led in strength by the National Farmers' Union. The rural vote from the NFU territory would seem to indicate that the major proportion of its membership went down the line for Erickson. The Grange, next strongest, split. The Farm Bureau stood by Wheeler.

One more point should be made about certain voters. Montana's population has been falling, and during the war the alliance of Wheeler and the Company managed to keep out of the state any major war industries which might compete for the postwar labor supply. This was in line with the long-established policy of the Company to prevent the introduction of new industries or the development of existing small independent enterprises. Since the war, many veterans have attempted to start new businesses and have failed because they were unable to break through the walls of the controlled financial institutions. These men voted for Erickson and his victory means that Company strength has been dented for the first time, though by no means broken.

IT WAS HARD for many older Montanans to vote against Senator Wheeler. In Ernest Hemingway's famous phrase, Burton K. Wheeler has made the "classic swing from Left to Right." There are many in the state who remember him in the years from 1917 to 1932 when he was a staunch and genuine liberal, a fighter against intolerance, a battler against the monopolistic practices of the Company, a defender of the unions, the leading spokesman for the new government in Russia, which he praised as the best hope of Europe. These same men have forgotten that Wheeler was never a party man and that in seeking the senatorship for the first time in 1922, he stated publicly that he did not care whether he ran on the Democratic or the Republican ticket—that his aim was to get elected. This philosophy has allowed him to make the later shifts in his thinking without qualms of conscience or too much concern about his original principles.

What of the fall election? Wheeler has said privately that he will run on an independent ticket. Dur-

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ing his campaign he tried to make the people of Montana believe that he was a persecuted Norris, a liberal whom the people deserted. To follow out his Norris neurosis, he might well run as an independent. It is too early to say. Erickson will have excellent Democratic support. Zales Ecton, the Republican candidate, is a conservative rancher who announced his program as simply a belief that we must "return to a government run from the bottom up." It is doubtful whether such a program will attract many voters. It is probable, however, that the so-called Wheeler Democrats will vote for Ecton in the fall if their leader does not run independently. Such a situation would still give Erickson the upper hand.

"Funnier Than Bob Hope"

by Ralph G. Martin

MAYBE it was too hot to fight fascism that night. Standing sweaty in a crowd listening to speeches when you could be home sitting beside a fan with your shoes off.

But down at St. Louis' Soldier Memorial, a couple hundred people did come. The orange sunset disappeared into thick black clouds while the small crowd waited quietly, some sitting on the steps, the rest standing. A sprinkling of Negroes, some Nisei, a few Panama hats, a scattered handful of curious bums. But mostly, they were anybody.

Young, anxious Douglas McCleod of the American Veterans' Committee, the meeting chairman, spoke without notes, the emotion spilling quickly from inside of him. That burning cross in a St. Louis playground for Negro children was all tied up with the fascist philosophy of Gerald L. K. Smith, he said. So why should the city of St. Louis make its civic auditorium available to Smith to preach his fascist hate? It was a hate-thy-neighbor fascism that wrecked Europe and would wreck us if we didn't stop it.

A young man with a hearing aid moved closer to the speaker. Two tense-faced young Negroes nodded their heads, almost in rhythm.

"But he'll never be able to do that in our country," finished McCleod.

No applause yet. The crowd's quiet was almost eery. And the fast-growing darkness was punctured only by the sudden flash of a photographer's bulb.

People like Gerald L. K. Smith were a good thing, began the next speaker, the Reverend Charles Wilson of the Citizens' Council for Democracy. They were good for us because they made us think, made us realize that you can't call Smith a crackpot and let it go at that. People laughed at Hitler once. The only thing to do was to fight fascism here and now. In St. Louis, he said, there was not only the problem of too many little rats, but of big ones. . . . "I'm talking about Gerald Smith's meeting at our civic auditorium the day after tomorrow. . . ."

A sudden clap of thunder and the crowd turned to look up. You could hear the foghorns sobbing on the Mississippi. The lights inside the Memorial Building flicked on and you could see the words above the columns, "To OUR SOLDIER DEAD."

"Anybody who thinks the war is over is living in a dream world," Mr. Wilson continued. "The fascists are still among us. . . ."

IT WAS early yet. Still an hour before Smith's speakers would start inside. But the cops were already thick in the street. About 300 of them. Plus police cars, wagons, squad cars, motorcycles, plainclothesmen.

At the main ticket entrance, several dozen police were lined shoulder to shoulder on both sides of the canopy. A reporter quipped that all they needed were sabers and they could have a military wedding. But nobody laughed; it wasn't funny. You could feel everyone's tenseness, the waiting for trouble.

Some of the audience started arriving, a small parade of old women without wedding rings, women with small, sour, wrinkled faces, "pickled in the vinegar of their own disillusionment." Coming here for what? To prove they weren't dead, that they could still hate?

". . . Looks like the Townsend Plan, doesn't it? . . ."

Then suddenly five Negroes walking toward the entrance with their tickets in their hands. But the blond-haired man with the thin lips hardly glanced at their tickets. "These tickets are counterfeit, officer," he said to the nearest policeman. "These people can't come in." Obediently, the cop motioned to other cops nearby and the photographers got their cameras set, waiting for trouble. But there was no trouble.

Another man, without a ticket, just stood there and talked loudly. "So much police protection for Gerald Smith and hardly any for Bob Hope last night. Maybe Smith is funnier than Hope." His smile faded and his voice grew bitter, "But I don't think so."

Then a group of veterans, all with their discharge buttons and their tickets. But the woman next to the collector spoke up loudly, "Don't let them in. I recognize one of them. He was on that picket line."

Again the police crowded in quickly, pushing the veterans back, ordering, "Come on, get back there."

"But, officer, we've all got tickets. . . ."

"You heard me, move along."

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The street filled with people now. Some plainclothesmen edged in hurriedly. More cops pushed in from the sides.

"Hey, officer, why don't you let Smith form his own goon squad? . . ."

"Which side are you on anyway, the people or the fascists? . . ."

"Know what Mayor Kaufman's secretary told me over the phone today? She couldn't understand why we were protesting about Smith because he was no worse than Father Coughlin and everybody knew that Coughlin was all right."

"You cops can stop shoving—we're moving. . . ."

THEN, suddenly, you saw the beginning.

A cop sneaked behind the loudest-talking veteran and swung a roundhouse blow to his head. Turning around swinging, the vet was grabbed, pulled to the fringe of the crowd, a dozen cops closing him in a circle, their arms slugging. Through their legs, you could see the vet's bloodied body on the pavement, his hands covering his face. The twisted look of hate on the police captain's face as he kicked the body again and again.

And suddenly the crowd swells and swerves and you're no longer a bystander; you're in the middle of it. A woman's screaming voice, "Don't hit my brother . . . leave my brother alone. . . ." A cop only three feet away from you straightarming a frightened blond woman. On the steps, a small man yelling, "This isn't democracy, this is fascism . . ." until three cops turn off to get him, twist his arm, throw him into the patrol wagon. Another circle of cops beating up someone else, throwing his body into a squad car, with a cop hitting the body once more for good measure. . . . The thin, shrill, crying voice of a woman, "Let me get to my husband. . . . I want to be with my husband . . ." and forcing herself into the squad car. In the center of the crowd, a strong voice shouting, "I remember when 50 cops threw down their badges rather than fight for fascism. . . ." An old Negro woman squeezed in the middle of everything, screeching, "Let me out of here. . . . Let me out of here. . . ."

And on the nearby street corner, a small, elderly woman, blind and deaf to everything, droning loudly, "Peanuts only five cents. . . . Get your peanuts right here, folks. . . ."

Up on the auditorium's first-floor balcony, eight men from Smith's audience had come out to watch the show. To them it was funnier than Bob Hope. They laughed and poked each other when the screaming woman forced herself into the squad car to be with her husband. They were having a wonderful time.

The cops dragging, pulling, carrying one man after another and throwing them into the police wagon, and then just before it pulled away, somebody inside broke out with, "Every man inside here is a veteran . . . every man inside here is a veteran. . . . Is this what we fought fascism for? . . ."

Repeating it over and over again, almost chanting it, until it was only an echo . . .

Then quiet again. The people had all moved across the street to the small park. The front of the auditorium was now almost solid with police. A woman crossed the street and walked slowly down the block facing the police, yelling in a high-pitched, tearful voice almost ready to break, "Doesn't it seem funny to arrest the veterans . . . doesn't it seem funny? . . ."

The police just stood there, still as stone, not looking at each other, their eyes following the single woman who walked the full length of the block yelling her question, then recrossing the street to the park.

Meanwhile, some more Smith audience. A large group of expensively dressed women laughing gayly as if this were a social tea or a bridge party or a class reunion. Another parade of old people with empty faces, and some young people with bitter faces, and the tough, weatherbeaten faces of husky farmers. Somewhere in between them, the sad lonely face of a young girl carrying her baby. You hoped the ticket collector would turn her away, but he didn't.

It was a game you played: this guy will get in, that one won't.

Is there such a thing as a fascist face?

"It's all right, folks. You don't need any tickets. You can come right in . . ."

The whispering conversation of some reporters. "Did you see that cop slug the guy from behind? I saw the whole thing."

"So what. You're not going to put that in your story, are you?"

And a policeman arriving late on the scene, being greeted by his buddies, "Say, Joe, you missed all the fun. . . ."

QUIET AGAIN. Then out of the quiet the loud voice of an Army sergeant barking, 'Hut, two, three, four . . . Hut, two, three, four . . . Hut . . . Hut. Dress it up. . . ."

The people marched in a single file across the street, down the block of the auditorium, circled to form a picket line. The people: veterans still in uniform, a tiny hunchbacked lady, a toothless old man standing straight and smiling, college girls, women with their husbands, black and white and yellow, Christian and Jew, a heavy old woman walking slowly. . . .

"Mama, you don't have to walk with us. You can sit on a park bench and watch us. . . ."

"Let me alone. I want to walk with you. . . ."

Hut, two, three, four . . . hut . . . hut. . . .

One of the reporters looked at his watch, "Say, it's time to go in and listen to Smith. Coming?"

"Me? I'd rather go home and puke in my own toilet."

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At Home Abroad

ERNST LUBITSCH's "Cluny Brown" shows the adventures of a girl who forgets her place in a society of people who never forget, and kids English snobbism with comic-strip obviousness. It is one of the most ingratiating films around, is free and easy and good-natured the way most movies should be in summertime. Its humor, though, reflects a new Lubitsch touch—it is broad, predictable, monstrously heavy and reminds you of the kind of touch that designs most bank buildings in this country.

Cluny Brown (Jennifer Jones) is a person-who-doesn't-sit-around-and-mope, is sociable, eager to help, a hearty plumber's niece who loves plumbing. She does some of her uncle's jobs in a lucky, slam-bang style that works on the particular sinks in this movie but casts a terrible light on plumbing as a skill. Cluny makes you suspect she doesn't know one end of a monkey-wrench from the other and she whams the pipe that's most accessible to cure any evil from a plugged drain to an Academy Award sink that sounds like a boiler factory having delirium tremens. She not only talks a Hepburn streak but has the rare ability to hold her own on any intellectual level, including communion with dogs. Her troubles come from being so friendly, spontaneous and impulsive in a rigid, custom-bound society. Though her idea of heaven is life with the stuffiest male (Richard Haydn) in the most paralyzed home in that society, she is saved in the last of the ninth, fairy-story fashion, by a not-too-principled Czech liberal named Belinsky (Charles Boyer) who by a series of impossible coincidences is generally within shouting distance of Cluny.

Some things about the movie make it seem as artificial as the orange drinks sold on Broadway, but among its virtues is Jennifer Jones's performance, which makes Cluny an unusually sparkling person with more liveliness, intensity, girlish enthusiasm and good nature than a half-dozen average movie heroines. As an actress Miss Jones is one of the most affected, gauche players working at the moment, but the exuberance she gives Cluny seems bona-fide and is of an amount that you usually encounter only in the heroines of Russian films.

There is a great deal of pretension in "Cluny Brown" that it is a critique, however entertaining, of various facets of British life, and I do think it is a little less namby-pamby than the usual Hollywood satire. But you aren't likely to be much affected by the dressing-downs, the puttings in her place and the cruelties that Cluny suffers, nor does the film make you very critical of the silliness and stupidity of the insulated aristocrats she works for. For one thing, the sumptuousness of the production makes everyone's life, even the druggist's, seem rather wonderful. Also while it is obvious that the director and writer feel pretty good about everyone, especially Cluny and her Czech savior, there isn't a non-snob among them. Of all these characters Cluny is the one who luxuriates most contentedly in the various existences she encounters at Friars-Carmel. The director gives her so little the look of a worker when she's plumbing that you are led to think she is slumming when she works on sinks. The hero, Belinsky, who is considered such a charming philosophic person, is actually an unusually snide customer who treats everyone, including Cluny, as stupid, quaint and funny.

Few films have ever had such a country-club air. Every scene—especially the ones in the countryside near Friars-Carmel, which are as lovely as the landscapes in Venetian paintings—gives the feeling that it is not only taking place in the shade but in shade that is air-conditioned. The druggist's living room, which is described wonderfully—"It may not be Buckingham Palace, but it's Wilson's little castle"—has a restful, cool, retreat quality that will undoubtedly drive some people who live in tenements almost out of their minds. Also the sets have been decorated with bric-a-brac and shadows in a tasteful, luxurious style so that they have the same elegance and charm that Lady Carmel's dresses have. The costuming, especially the splendid maid's outfit Cluny wears, would, I think, make the most determined Dead End character yearn for such finery.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

The report, by Ernie Adamson, chief investigator for the Committee [on Un-American Activities], said he and Chairman Wood (D, Ga.) had been investigating "subversive activities" at the Oak Ridge (Tenn.) atomic project and found that:

Members of scientific societies there "are very active in support of international civilian control" of atomic materials and are "devoted to the creation of some form of world government." Some officers of the societies "admit communication with persons outside the United States." – *From the Chicago* Daily News.

General English's [Paul X. English, formerly in the Chemical Warfare Service] name bobbed up again in her testimony. She testified that Mr. Sarelas had informed her that Mr. Freeman and Murray Garsson had arranged through Representative May to have General English transferred to Omaha, Nebraska. . . .

Later, she said, she overheard a conversation between Mr. Freeman and Mr. Garsson in which they expressed sorrow that they had General English transferred because his successor was "even less coöperative." – *Testimony of Mrs. Eleanor Hall, former secretary in the Washington office of the Garsson "paper empire," before the Senate war-investigating committee.*

Perfect Harmony

No Negroes have been reported as registered to vote in the forthcoming fall election, according to the records of the registrar of voters in Washington parish. One official explained that friendly relations exist between Negroes and whites in this parish and that in general there had been no indication of a desire by the colored people to do anything which would tend to destroy this relationship. – *From the Bogalusa (La.)* Enterprise.

Life with Mother

Mother and I sat before the radio while her many dinner guests played Chinese checkers and later threshed over and over again the happenings of the past several weeks. . . . Nine to one the Fifth Avenue set believes the only way out of our present world tangle is a quick war with Russia. – *From Cornelius Vanderbilt's column in the New York* Post.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Veterans and Discrimination

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the enclosed letter, written to Herbert Jacobi, commander of the Washington, D. C., Department of the American Legion.

Washington, D. C. RICHARD M. SIEGEL

[ENCLOSURE]

Dear Mr. Jacobi:

Last fall, a group of veterans met to form a post of the American Legion. We were told by the D. C. office what we had to do to get a Legion charter and that we would be able to use the name "Franklin Delano Roosevelt" for our post.

On February 20, 1946, we turned in to headquarters our completed applications with 104 new memberships and $208, meeting the requirements for a new post. We were told our applications had to be checked by the membership committee . . . that our post number would be 57. . . . Five weeks later, we were told our applications were in order . . . that we had to satisfy, next, the charter committee. . . . Each appointment (with McCarthy of the charter committee) was broken. . . . On May 22 he informed us that a meeting would be useless since the executive committee had decided not to charter any new posts. . . .

These facts must be read in light of the fact that four new posts—numbers 54, 55, 56 and 57—were chartered by the March executive meeting. . . . From this history we can only draw the conclusion that the FDR Post has been discriminated against. . . . The reason for this discrimination is that the FDR Post, unlike others in the District, accepts both Negro and white veterans as members. As veterans of a war against a militarist system founded on doctrines of racial inequality, we have from the beginning been firm against discrimination among our members. . . . Apparently there is an unwritten rule against non-segregated posts. . . . We hope that your unofficial rule will be relaxed to permit your chartering us, not only for your sakes, but for the veterans over the country who are watching the Legion and trying to decide whether any organization which practises segregation can express the democratic viewpoint of a veteran against Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini. . . .

RICHARD M. SIEGEL
Commander, Franklin Delano Roosevelt Post

One Vote Against Ehrenburg

SIR: Kathleen Scofield Louchheim's interview with Ilya Ehrenburg (the *New Republic*, July 1) might have been funny if the poor taste and low critical standards exhibited by one of the Soviet Union's best-known literary figures were less serious.

Mr. Ehrenburg's judgment seems about on par with that of a New York *Daily News* or a fan-magazine book-reviewer. The great American writers he mentions—Hemingway, Faulkner, Caldwell and Steinbeck—have all been best sellers. Book clubs and mass magazines bid wildly for their stories. The movies grab up everything they produce. Could it be their popular success that makes Ehrenburg rate them above "all the literature produced between the two world wars"?

Yes, I agree that compared to the comic-book, small-town-weekly, *Life*-reading American audience Ehrenburg uses to prove his point, Hemingway and Steinbeck are literary giants. I can readily understand how his conditioning by a culture-for-the-masses yardstick, which measures only in millions, makes his All-American novel backfield a good choice. But it is far from intelligent literary criticism.

Gide, Huxley, Malraux, Silone, Joyce, Mann, Eliot, Kafka, Cather, Wolfe, Fitzgerald, Anderson, Lewis are names that come to mind in discussing literature between the two wars. Of course, only a few of these had the kind of mass acceptance Ehrenburg mistakes for greatness. It remains, however, for a bad joke—about the two rooms modern Russians need in order to read *Crime and Punishment*—to prove his literary taste is no higher than that of our own mass (for profit) critics.

This letter is not anti-Soviet propaganda. It means to point out that artistic values based on an "it must be great, it's successful" standard seem to exist in Russia just as they do in our own capitalist heaven. For what little effect it may have, please print one thin, lone vote against bad taste, yes, even if it is proletarian bad taste.

New York City ERWIN SWANN

For Jack Winocour

SIR: For the first time in any magazine or newspaper or over the radio I have read a man who seems to have a true insight and understanding of the whole British people, who is free, seemingly from sentiment and partisanship and evidently understands the United States and the Russians, too. I have never heard of this man before; I have never met his name before——Jack Winocour [the *New Republic*, June 30 and July 22]. I should like to say more power and popularity to him, but clear-visioned, disinterested writers never become popular. Take Emory Reves for instance. He has one of the most objective and honorable minds extant, but because he has insisted on giving the English respect for their virtues, nobody takes any stock in him.

Highland Park, Ill. JAMES NEILD

From The New Republic Mail Bag

John Andu, president of the Indonesia League of America, Inc., 18 Allen Street, New York 2, tells us that Indonesians in the United States are also fighting for their rights. The government has been arresting Indonesians, many of them long-time residents of this country, and threatening them with deportation. "These deportation roundups of Indonesian residents," he writes, "have followed the six-month imprisonment on Ellis Island, and the deportation on June 11, of 178 Indonesian seamen, who last October refused to man Dutch ships loaded with arms . . . destined for use against the Indonesian fighters for freedom. The Indonesia League is urging that all deportations be suspended until Congress acts upon two pending bills which are designed to prevent . . . hardships in such cases as these."

S. Haile of Bethesda, Maryland, sends us a proposal for a United States poll to express the attitude of the American people on major issues for the benefit of their representatives and to improve the working of democracy. He suggests that the polls be initiated either by the President or Congress, with permission for use of the poll facilities by state governments on local issues. The polls should be administered by the federal government, and participation should be by "individual initiative, not by selective sampling."

Vincent T. Porcaro of San Anselmo, California, does not share the confidence expressed by M. Seidler (the *New Republic* "Mailbag," May 27) in the Army Information and Education program. He says that the orientation program, "the why-we-fight and know-your-enemies phase," was a failure. He blames it on "the lack of a dynamic political philosophy" and the "general mental and spiritual indolence" of army personnel, regardless of rank, paralleled by the same "back home."

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Books in Review

Liberal Manifesto

WORLD POLITICS makes little sense. Russia, pressing for the ouster of the fascist regime in Spain, renews diplomatic and economic relations with equally fascist Argentina. Britain, at last meaning business in India, is enslaving the Jewish people in Palestine. This country, after protesting the presence of Soviet troops in Iran, increases its military establishment in China. The course of international diplomacy and politics can no longer be compared to moves on a chess board. Statesmen have become political bohemians playing an unpredictable and senseless Bingo.

What makes postwar politics bohemian is its immorality (not to mention the lack of realism of the "realists"). But even within a framework of cold analysis of "power," there is no consistency dictated by "national self-interest." There is no intrinsically logical pattern of politics. As a result, just as after the last war, many people are once again becoming a-political. Whatever moral convictions they may have are increasingly concentrated on purely private rather than public objectives.

In this atmosphere of growing a-politicism on the part of men of good will, and growing immorality on the part of the political bohemians, Victor Gollancz's challenge[1] comes to America. Apart from Dwight Macdonald's essay, "The Root Is Man," in the April and July issues of his *Politics* (though its tortuous analysis of self-redemption from Marxism makes difficult reading), no American political thinker, and certainly no American politician, has so boldly and clearly faced the political issue of our time.

This issue is not the atomic bomb, but the moral crisis of Western civilization. Even if the bomb were outlawed, Golancz says, "at the crucial moment it will not be paper constitutions that men and women will obey: they will obey their own nature, and their own nature such as it has become." The moral values of the West have certainly not always been the rule, but their self-conscious denial had become increasingly rare until the advent of Nazism. This process is in danger of being reversed.

As the Nazis were the first to reverse completely the values of good and bad, making evil their religion, the Allied treatment of Germany is indeed a decisive test of our own morality. The evidence is shocking. What have the Allies done to lead the Germans back into the orbit of the so-called "civilized" nations? Gollancz's answer is blunt: they annexed German territories; they expelled Germans from their ancestral homes; they stole German property; they forced the German people into continued economic slavery. And all of these acts, Gollancz reminds us, are among the main counts of the Nuremberg war-crimes-trial indictment. Germans engaging in these acts are criminals; Allies doing the same thing are angels. We did not do these things to the degree Hitler would have done them, "but we acted more in Hitler's spirit than in ours."

[1] Our Threatened Values, by Victor Gollancz. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 157 pages. Five shillings.

The Allied treatment of Germany disregards the central value of Western civilization, the value that includes all others: respect for personality. There is in every human being, even the most wretched, something "special, particular, concrete, individual, unique." The test of respect for personality is one's attitude toward those whom one hates, dislikes or disagrees with. Recognizing his uniqueness and inviolability, man realizes, by imaginative sympathy, that what is true of himself must be true of others—that every human being is unique. Nazism, denying this value of values, was the final expression, so far, of a tendency which is universal. The spread of communism, Gollancz says, is the greatest danger to respect for personality today.

How did it happen, Gollancz asks, that Marxian communism, setting out to realize Western values more truly and fully, is today the most powerful factor working against these values? His answer is: Means and not ends are the effective reality; behavior, not the reason for it, is socially decisive. There was nothing inherent in Marx that anticipated the seizure of power by a small group of men, an elite, which took it upon itself to interpret the interests of the proletariat. But Marx's "insistence on materialism in the technical sense, an insistence prompted by a passion to liberate personality, has been a potent factor in the spread of materialism in the popular sense, and in the growth of contempt for the very personality that Marx desired to liberate." And he continues:

> Because the end—the perfect society, the Paradise on earth—was so infinitely precious, because the happiness not only of Russia but of the whole world depended on safeguarding the foundations already laid, any method whatsoever that might contribute to the absolute power . . . of the only dictatorship that mattered, the dictatorship of the ruling group, was not merely justifiable, but imperatively demanded as a matter of duty, of conscience, and of religion.

The communist religion is, of course, not a religion of evil such as Nazism. The communist does not think of power, ruthlessness and expediency as good in and for themselves. If Nazism regarded Western values as evil, communism regards them, for the time being at least, as irrelevant. What communism, however, fails to understand, Gollancz says, "is that history is a continuing process: that you can't advance by throwing away what you have achieved already: that the Rights of Man are the precious foundation for an even finer structure: and that if you mistreat the seed of bourgeois morality you will get no flower at all, but nihilism."

It is in Germany, where Soviet and Western power meet, that the conflict between communism and liberalism must be resolved. Liberalism's dilemma is obvious: the Marxian tenet that the final armed showdown between the communist and capitalist world must come sooner or later, and the fact that for historical and environmental reasons human life is not valued as highly in Russia as in the West, make the liberal task of holding out against communism

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short of war extremely difficult. The best way, Gollancz believes, to meet this rivalry is to live up to, not just preach, the values we cherish, and certainly not to impose them by force on a conquered people.

Space does not permit going in detail into Gollancz's proposals. His opposition to Lord Vansittart's inverted racialism, Field Marshal Montgomery's starvation program and German de-industrialization does not spring from political and economic insights into their stupidity, but from a firm belief in the reality and practicality of basing a liberal policy for Germany on moral values. As to the Potsdam decisions, Gollancz believes that Stalin was the prime mover in favor of Germany's de-industrialization. I don't know what Stalin's plan was or is. But I do know that the Potsdam decisions regarding Germany's industrial disarmament were, on paper at least, mild in comparison with the American plan drawn up by former Secretary Morgenthau.

GOLLANCZ is a liberal socialist. There is a good deal of Marxian thinking in his conclusion that the decay of moral standards in the West has synchronized with the last period of monopoly capitalism. But his approach is ethical rather than economic. Capitalism, the pursuit of private profit, consecrates self-interest and greed in a large area of daily life. It strengthens self-assertion rather than sublimating it. *The moral for socialism is that it cannot be a matter of pure economics.* Nationalization is not the end, but mere machinery. The socialist state, if it is not liberal, can be as exploitative and inhumane as the capitalist state. In other words, Gollancz concludes, "socialism is valuable only in so far as it serves our Western values."

As a liberal socialist, then, Gollancz is extremely critical of the British Labor Government. He "supports" it, yes. And looks on it as a relatively effective carrier of Western values. It is, in his opinion, too cautiously socialistic in economics, almost wholly capitalistic in its choice of incentives, and betrays socialist principles in its foreign policy. He spares no words in excoriating the many manifestations of illiberalism in England—the deprecation of mercy and pity in official apologies for food exports to Germany ("law and order" must be maintained); the attitude of callous ferocity and self-righteous contempt against the former enemy; the lack of personal and national humility vis-à-vis German victims of fascism who suffered for years in concentration camps; and worst of all, the immorality of those who, ignoring the continuity of the historical process, failing to understand human nature and thinking in static social terms, would deprive fascists (and communists) of the right of free speech.

Addressed to Englishmen, with very few references to the United States, *Our Threatened Values* is a liberal-socialist manifesto which should find a wide and appreciative audience in this country. For America, under the impact of growing hostility toward the Soviet Union, is also threatened by illiberalism. It seems clear, Gollancz warns us, "that, hardly touched as she is by socialist ideas, and in the blazing flush of her arrogant capitalism, she can hardly be relied upon for the preservation of those liberal values which, strong though they may have been in her, must (I say it again) all but completely vanish unless they are given a socialist realization."

HEINZ EULAU

Daemonic Poet

Lough Derg and Other Poems, by Denis Devlin. Reynal and Hitchcock. 79 pages. $2.

IN THE RUN of modern poets we have come to expect a hard, dry quintessence of some particular quality. We say Barker is baroque, Aiken tangential, Jarrell acid, Spencer whimsical, Fitzgerald nostalgic, Fearing slapstick, and so on. It is rarely that we are presented with a body of work which has caught all the highlights and shadows, all the nobilities and fears of a complex individuality, at the same time retaining the unmistakable consistency of a style. Shapiro's war poems were memorable for just that, and Robert Lowell's blunt, religious invocations, and Kenneth Rexroth's intensely personal lyrics of *The Phoenix and the Tortoise.* In Denis Devlin's book there is the promise, and frequently the achievement, of such a miracle.

My qualification embraces those parts of the more ambitious long poems which are so densely elliptical that they stagger as if translated literally from some other language —the French of Rimbaud or St. Jean Perse perhaps. Case in point: ". . . . only somnambulist can/Conscience like Cawdor give the blood its head." In such instances the voice is still thick, not blurred by echoes of other poets (though Devlin has learned what he had to from Eliot, Yeats and Hopkins, as well as from the French), but too bursting with brilliant analogies to let the theme rise above its modulations.

Like all the poets of this war and its aftermath, Devlin, the product of a decade without great expectations, writes without disillusionment. He sees life relativistically, as a pattern of good and evil, with the evil usually dominant. International diplomacy, cant of capital and priestly humbug come in for some rough treatment. The title poem relates the pilgrimage of a soul, torn between constricting latter-day Jansenism and total disbelief, to a place of primitive worship; its richness is in the antagonism. "Bacchanal," another poem of duality, with its passage of revolutionists from men "with knees flashing like scissors" to "forerunners with eyes of dangerous landscapes silent among the cheering," recalls Scott Fitzgerald's epigram that "to bring on the revolution it may be necessary to work inside the Communist Party."

But the intellectualism of Devlin's satire is freshened by a bawdy, alcoholic breath of Ireland. And there is further sensuous counterpoint in the series of rich travel pieces ("Ank'hor Vat," "Meditation at Avila," "Annapolis") with their sense of a continuum of cultures. Because Devlin is a dæmonic poet, his obscurities, like Hart Crane's, are acceptable: the senses are electrified even when the idea evades the mind. Recognizable observations ("foaming trees," "seagulls crying wrinkles," "a wind with hackles up") and wiry images compel belief. Here are the first ten lines of a piece called "Vestiges":

> The room dark and tight
> As the core of the shut apple,
> Starlight none, high up
> In the skylight, townlight
> Like a tall dahlia
> On which smooth eyes in love
> Idled for hours long,

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Like in a blurred coalpit
A pin-bright vein of quartz
High in the powdery darkness.

I think anyone who will read the remaining twenty lines of this poem will be chilled enough by its terror to be moved by its compassion, and will rejoice with this reviewer in a new poet of rare talent. SELDEN RODMAN

Cartels: Good or Bad?

National Interest and International Cartels, by Charles R. Whittlesey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 172 pages. $2.50.

FOR A BRIEF and cool analysis of the cartel problem by a professional economist, one could hardly find a better book than Professor Whittlesey's. He does not start out to prove a case either for or against, but assesses the nature and practices of cartels in reference to the general aim of maintaining an expanding economy in a society with as much freedom and competition as is compatible with accepted social aims.

A few of the prevalent arguments on both sides of the controversy he rejects. He does not think, for instance, that in most cases it is necessary for American business to join international cartels in order to participate in foreign markets. There is little concrete evidence to support this alleged requirement. Rather, the attitude of the United States toward cartels is likely to influence the rest of the world in accepting or rejecting them, because of the predominance of the American economy. On the other hand, while he recognizes that in recent years cartels have served the purposes of aggressive powers, he believes this argument against them could be applied with equal force to tariffs, international economic agreements of many kinds and, in fact, all instruments of modern civilization. We do not condemn airplanes or social insurance just because the Nazis employed them.

The evil of cartels is that they tend to restrict production, and by maintaining prices against competitive pressure help to deprive the economy of the flexibility which is necessary for stability. In view of the complexity of cartel structure and practices no simple remedy would work. A review of the most prominent proposals which have been advanced fails to reveal any which is likely to be completely satisfactory. Action will have to be taken both internationally and internally. There should be a revision not only of anti-trust legislation but of the Webb-Pomerene Act and the patent laws. Agencies will have to be created which can coördinate the economic, diplomatic and military policies which are involved. Effective action must be continuously worked out and developed, for the price of free competition, like that of liberty, is eternal vigilance.

One useful distinction brought out by Professor Whittlesey is that the controversy about cartels has no necessary connection with the debate about economic planning. Defenders of cartels sometimes favor them as instruments of planning, whereas the new school of trust-busters is inclined to extend its fear of monopoly so far as to include the whole concept of planning. As a matter of fact we are more and more committed to planning, and the relevant con-

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sideration is whether the planning is good or bad. In many cases we may have to substitute collective action for competition, and in these cases it seems likely that we shall find more appropriate instruments than private monopoly to carry out public policy. Among the possible alternatives are government ownership, the maintenance of stockpiles of commodities, or governmental research. GEORGE SOULE

Recent Fiction

PAUL GOODMAN in *The State of Nature* (Vanguard, $2.50) professes to have written a novel, and the indefiniteness of the form may protect his claim, but his book is really a string of editorials, from a few lines to a few pages in length, presided over by a more or less consistent group of characters. They don't develop his arguments dramatically; they simply take up a central position to speak or ruminate as the author's mouthpiece, or stand idly by as occasions for the straight speech. These fragments are held together by two theses which can be detected from Mr. Goodman's persistent recurrence to them like a peevish wasp buzzing round and round a window pane he never gets through.

The first thesis is that war is the expression of a suicidal urge. Any apparent opposition of aims is only accidental; in reality, enemies stand side by side and fire out, at themselves. The complexities of modern warfare are designed merely to provide a danger and destruction suitable to the complexity of modern man: the element of surprise, for instance, which the simple suicide misses, and the thrill of competition, in which the enemies grasp each other in an orgy of brotherhood and shoot out their own brains. "The idea is to rush into jeopardy en masse. Why en masse? In order to be joyous and guiltless before our greater selves, because the greater part of each man's self is his social self; therefore we suggest it to one another and we are not ashamed. Why into jeopardy? . . . The self wants to die as long and as intensely as it can." It is not precisely clear whether this urge is a consequence of the "social order itself [which] is revealed as perfectly demented," or whether it is inherent in the natural man. Since Mr. Goodman is a satirist and an optimist, he would seem to be committed to the former view, but he's not above explicit reference to such psychological concepts as the crawl back into the womb.

The second thesis is developed from a quotation from Hobbes: "If a man be held in prison or bonds or is not trusted with the liberty of his body, he cannot be understood to be bound by Covenant to subjection; therefore he may, if he can, make his escape by any means whatsoever." In simple pursuance of this idea, one Lothair, a crazed conscientious objector, leans against the bars of his cell and moans, "The social compact is abrogated that I used to have with these people." He proceeds to "make his escape" from the social order into the state of nature by liberating the animals in Central Park Zoo. In this experiment a child is eaten by a tigress, and Lothair himself is trampled by an elephant just as he's greeting it as an enfranchised brother. Thus the anarchistic Eden is discredited, and by a transition not explicit, such characters remaining find themselves at the end of the book in a kind of Marxian Utopia where Lothair is learning to say, "Yes, men and women, people."

Some of the satire is witty; at least one of the characters, an old sage who dominates the book, has a nightmare reality; there are numerous aphorisms of the copybook variety; and in one sequence of incidents (the reveries of a dying soldier) Mr. Goodman displays his real talent for nostalgia. But the fragments are uneven, and the least successful parts and the large plan of the book are exasperatingly pretentious. Mr. Goodman appears to be saying more than he really does by a kind of automatic writing which makes sense if the reader wants to contribute the meaning. But anything he sees in the beguiling surface of this pseudo-biblical baby talk is merely his own reflection. Should he dive for the deeps of significance he'll find his head stuck, just below the surface, in the mud of intellectual obscurity.

Gilbert Cesbron's *The Innocents of Paris* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is a translation of a book published in Paris in 1944, about six little boys who, with their parrot, dog, rabbit and cat, and all the paraphernalia of clubhouse, treasure, secrets and pledges, form a gang and a world. No adult intrudes in this child world, not even parents or the usual authorities, unless he has become as a little child by the simple process of losing his wits. The innocence is absolute, and when one of the children meets tragedy by associating with an older boy, one feels that he has been struck down by a sentimental fate for trying to escape the Never Never Land. The adventures are told with a reasonable facsimile of the wonder and suspense of childhood, but as most of the narrative is presented through the consciousness of children, there are awkward moments when, to account for the progress of the story, a child is

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made to think what he would never think, or to think explicitly what he might be aware of but obscurely. This peep show was designed strictly for adults who care to join the author in his orgy of infatuated indulgence. As the dream fades, the book closes with the cry, "So Goodbye, Children of My Heart."

In George Tabori's *Companions of the Left Hand* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75), Stefan Farkas, an aging playwright, drags his soiled life and expensive luggage down to an Adriatic resort where he hopes to find "comfort, big meals, young girls, bright mornings." It is June, 1943, and the once placid town, though still populated by the usual national and international types of the hotel-resort background, seethes obscurely with the operations of conflicting factions and the whispers of confusing rumors. In all this, because of the respect with which the great man is held in the town, Farkas is an unwitting key figure. "Everybody in San Fernando picked on me, trying to sell me their creeds like so many commercial travelers." But Farkas won't buy. That is, he won't commit himself, and since we are committed to his attitude because we have the story through his consciousness, the dramatic possibilities of any of the situations are disqualified for us by his skepticism and intelligence. It's an ingenious device if the author doesn't know what he wants to say, but of course he avoids climbing up or down at the expense of cutting off the limb he's sitting on.

JOHN FARRELLY

Thought in Action

Productive Thinking, by Max Wertheimer. New York: Harper and Brothers. 224 pages. $3.

THIS LITTLE BOOK of two hundred small-format pages was written rapidly in a few weeks just before the death of its author. It is the fruit of a long and subtle study of "productive thinking" and, if the phrase is not wholly spoiled by now, the creative process. It is not for jargonists. It might be called the crystallization of a life study. But it recalls and uses even more than that: the stripped-down workings of thought and clear-cut insight, beginning as early as the deductive method. "This book was written because the traditional views have ignored important characteristics of thought processes, because in many other books these views are taken for granted without real investigation . . . discussion of thinking runs largely to generalities." We are led through the finger-exercises of thinking (with the doubtful aid of too many diagrams), and we hear from page to page the echo of the poets, artists and composers when they speak of form. For what Professor Wertheimer is demonstrating in talking simply of "gestalt," is the inner experience of all artists and of all workers—their ability to think deeply and solve specific problems. One has been amazed by such solutions on the part of farmers and fishermen who rig devices to cope with their problems, or of women who handle people in tangled situations, of the anonymous tinkerer; and to these Wertheimer has added Gauss, Galileo and Einstein. It is the savvy of picking up the real world. One finds it in diverse places, and nearly always today, disregarded.

This is his reason for writing as he does. Professor Wertheimer shows the negative of this power in the piecemeal response, the blind response, with its resultant feeling that things cannot be so grasped—the feeling of frustration that lies like a fog over so much of the mentality of the world.

He says of an experiment in a classroom:

> Telling the story this way, I often had delightful experiences, seeing what vivid, genuine interest was aroused, watching dramatic things happen to the class, seeing how, at the critical point, some students exclaimed: "Now I see!" For them it was a change from knowing a number of things to having their eyes really opened to a deeper understanding in a comprehensive view.

In order to review this book I had to read it several times. And I had to work the problems, all thumbs as I am. The reward was great. "There is a thirst for true orientation," Professor Wertheimer says:

> Here lie the great tasks for democracy. Critical attitudes, skepticisms, do not suffice. What is needed is structural clearness . . . in the great lines, the basic structures of basic situations. To live in a fog, in an unsurveyable manifold of factors and forces that prevent a clear decision as to action, as to the main lines of the situation, is for many people an unbearable state of affairs. . . . An attitude is implied on his [man's] part, a willingness to face problems straight, a readiness to follow them up courageously and sincerely, a desire for improvement, in contrast with arbitrary, willful or slavish attitudes. This I think is one of the greatest attributes that constitute the dignity of man.

Henry A. Wallace

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In this direct and modest book we discuss with the author the moral, scientific and political nature of man. From this point of view we can foresee the destruction of timid and easy structures. Professor Wertheimer begins in the classroom, and with the problem of how to get the area of a parallelogram. And he begins with the young citizen.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

A Reader's List

Signs, Language and Behavior, by Charles Morris (Prentice-Hall, $5). Professor Morris' work in semantics has the extraordinary virtue of being both technically sound and assimilable by the reader of no more than average training in logic, philosophy and psychology. Incorporating two of the main empirical traditions in modern philosophy, pragmatism and logical analysis, Morris' book, an expansion and refinement of his earlier volume, *Foundations of the Theory of Signs*, presents a system of sign-analysis and linguistics applicable to the various types of discourse found in the sciences, in traditional philosophy, in moral systems and in the arts. A good deal of illuminating psychological material is introduced to explain how signs function; and while various sciences are brought to bear on the theory of signs, this theory, as developed by Morris, in turn puts the relations of the sciences into clear perspective. A sound, scholarly and informative book.

Vital Problems of Air Commerce, edited by Lucien Zacharoff (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $3). This symposium by 31 air-transport specialists was based upon informal talks presented at the New York Board of Trade. The speakers included L. W. Pogue of the Civil Aeronautics Board, Jack Nichols of TWA, W. T. Piper and Rear Admiral Rosendahl. The problems treated covered American air policy, airport developments, overseas air commerce and coördination of activities. Discussions of the latter frequently came close to advocating monopoly, although the speakers disclaimed any desire to adopt such venal policies.

New Republic News

The *NR* has no desire to contribute further to the general postwar unrest and widely editorialized-about social upheavals. In keeping with this firm policy, we shall put the name of the writer of a letter we received in the file marked "Don't Tell Even Your Wife," which is where we keep things more hush-hush than "Top Secret equals British Most Secret."

The writer, a Mr. X who used to live in DeKalb Junction and recently moved to Pittsburgh (call *us* rattle-brained, will you? Mr. Kiley), says: "I have a vague notion that my well intended but rattle-brained wife wrote you some time ago mentioning rather casually that we no longer live in the frozen north, but in Pittsburgh.

"She may or may not have done this. Perhaps she has no monopoly on rattle-brainedness, and you saw fit to ignore her plea. I feel another letter, from the brains of the family, might be in order. Hence I write and hence you'd better rustle your bustles and ship your weekly lump of liberalism to me before I join the Republicans."

This letter turned up on our desk with a neat "already changed, July 8" penciled in the margin (we got a system around here). In the files was Mrs. X's letter, very shipshape and businesslike. The deal had been delayed by the July 4 weekend.

Now that we have that one all straightened out, drop us a line, Mr. K—, sorry, "*X*," and tell us how things are going in the family these days.

• • •

John Farrelly has reviewed books for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the New York *Times Book Review* and the *New Republic*.

Selden Rodman is co-editor, with Richard Eberhart, of an anthology of war poetry from 2000 B. C. to the present, *War and the Poet*. Since leaving the Army (OSS), he has revised and brought up to date his *New Anthology of Modern Poetry* (Modern Library), to be reissued this fall.

Genevieve Taggard, formerly a member of the faculty at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York, is the author of several books of poetry. A new volume, *Slow Music*, will be published by Harpers in September.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

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EARL BROWDER *reports on* RUSSIA

The New Republic announces an important series of articles beginning next week, August 5. Earl Browder, former head of the American Communist Party, who recently returned from Russia, will tell, exclusively in the New Republic, what he found there.

Does Russia expect a war? How is reconversion getting along? Are there holes in the "iron curtain" between the Soviet Union and the Western world? Should the United States make a loan to Russia? What about the neighboring countries such as Finland, Poland and Rumania. Can communism and capitalism cooperate over a long period of time, and if so, on what terms?

Needless to say, the New Republic, which stands for liberal democracy, does not share Mr. Browder's communist philosophy. We are, however, glad to present this series of articles, from a man who is in a unique position to discuss relations between Russia and the West. We believe what Mr. Browder has to say will be of exceptional interest to our readers and to the country.

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